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1311 Farnam St.

SOME MATRIMONIAL TALES

The Mother-in-Law in Real Life-Marriage Superstition.

HOOKER'S ROMANCE.

He Intended to Marry Her – Forgot His Wedding Day-An Indian Bride-An Absent-Minded Groom. -Curious Tales.

The Mother-in-Law in Real Life. Who was it, when I wed my wife, Wished me a long and happy life, From trouble free, unvexed by strife! My mother-in-law.

Who was it taught my wife to bake A loaf of bread or fancy cake And appetizing dishes maket? My mother-in-law. Who gave us counsel when we went Housekeeping, money freely spent
On things for use and ornament!
My mother-in-law.
Who taught my wife to take delight
In making all around her bright,
And meet me with a smile at night!

My mother-in-law. Who was it when my wife was ill Bestowed upon her care and skill, And saved to me a nurse's bill! My mother-in-law.

Who when my little ones prepared Each morn for school, who for them cared, And all their little sorrows shared? My mother-in-law.

Who was it, when their prayers was said, So snugly tucked them into bed, And, till they slept, beside them stayed! My mother-in-law. Who of my clothing then took care Who overlooked my underwear And kept each garment in repair?

My mother-in-law. Whe comes the first to soothe my woes? Who loves my friends and bates my foes?
Who buys my children lots of clothes!
My mother-in-law.

Who oft to me her aid has lent To buy the coal and pay the rent?
Who'd gladly see me president?
My mother-in-law.

A loving grandmother is she, A generous friend she's been to me, Forever honored let her be.
My mother-in-law.

Superstitious About Marriage. Chicago Tribune: Three young society ladies whose weddings had been announced to take place recently, were obliged to have the proposed ceremony indefinitely postponed on account of their illness. It is no wonder that many young ladies become ill as the great day for them draws near, as the amount of work they have to do in preparing for the event is enough to wear them out entirely. The worry and bother of dressmaking and constant shopping and the incidential excitement might well prostrate a delicat bride. Just think of the dresses the young women of moderate ideas generally start off with. Of course, there's the wedding gown, upon which an end of work is expended, then the traveling frock of the tour, and, say four morning dresses, with a like number of tea-gowns and reception toilets, then house-dresses and tailor made walking suits, with one slightly more elaborate for special occasions. This is only a part of the outfit, for undergarments, house-

etceteras must be prepared.

As the fall is the rushing season in the marriage mart, it is well to recall one or two interesting superstitions that were religiously noted in the time of our grandmothers. In the first place, according to an ancient and reliable chronicle, there are thirty-two days in the year that are especially unlucky for marriages and journeys. They are as follows: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 15; February 6, 7 and 18; March 1, 6 and 8; April 6 and 11; May 5, 6 and 7; June 7 and 15; July 5 and 19; August 15 and 19; September 6 and 7; October 7; November 15 and 16; and December 15, 16 and 17. Everybody knows that Friday is the most unlucky day for a wedding, while Wednesday and Thursday are the luckiest. Our grandmothers believed that it was a most unfortunate thing if the bride, after finishing her toilet and leaving her looking glass, should turn around again for a last glance at herself. It was also bad for her to see the man she was about to marry after dress-ing and before the time had come for

hold linen, and the thousand and one

the ceremony.

Miss Hooker's Romance. Chicago Tribune: Among the vic-tims of the great Chicago fire in 1871 was a gentleman by the name of Hooker. He was a a wealthy merchant at the time, but, like many others of his class, was utterly ruined by the great fire. Afwas utterly ruined by the great fire. After this calamity the family was supported by keeping boarders. Three or four years ago there came into the family to board two handsome young Swedes, polished, well educated, and apparently the possessors of money, one called Swen and the other Olaf. Mr. Hooker's family is American. That makes no difference. The Swedish visitors were well pleased with their boarding house, and the reason for the genuine satisfaction they displayed over the matter will be better realized when it is told how they were both single gentlemen, and how in the Hooker household there was at least one unmarried daughter, a fresh, pretty, vivacious ried daughter, a fresh, pretty, vivacious young lady, who flitted about the halls and parlors like an angel, occasionally pausing to illuminate some dark corner with her bright smile.

That bright smile it was that haunted one of the the affable young Swedesyoung Olaf. The Swedish gentlemen in the meantime did not seem to care to engage in any regular business occupa tion. They gave it out that they had come to America to study the manners, customs, and language of the country. In the latter pursuit they were assisted greatly by the Hookers, and especially by that daughter of the household. Annette, who, by her careful attention to Olaf particularly, had him in a few months so that he could speak United

States like a native. Of course there could be only one se quel to all this mutuality of feeling, this kindly regard. It was announced that Annette and Olaf were engaged, and in the early fall of 1885 the twain were made one. Their wedding trip included a visit to Lake Minnetonka, where they staid two weeks enjoying their honey-moon. From Minnetonka they returned to Chicago, and bidding an affectionate farewell to the old folks set out for Olaf's native land, where Olaf had proposed they should spend the remainder of their days. After a brief stay in London, they sped across to Christiania. Much to her surprise the bride found an elegant equipage fitted out with liveried driver and with footman awaiting them at the steamship dock, and she heard her husband give some directions to the coachman by whic, she inferred that the equipage was hi she inferred that the equipage was hi own. She asked no questions. The pair were driven through the city into an aristocratic suburb, ornamented with the fine residences of wealthy people and with the grounds and palaces of the nobility. When the most extensive and most magnigeent of all the palaces was reached the conchrame.

palace, and see how the great of the land live." Annette gazed with awe upon the noble pile. At first she exhibited shyness at the thought of going in and meeting the great people. But her husband finally induced her to take a walk through its halls. When they came out he asked her what she thought of it. The young bride expressed her admiration for what was really the finest palace in the vicinity of the great city of Christiana. He listened to the rapturous compliments that poured

from her lips.
"Annette." he said slowly, "this is your future home." It was afterwards explained to her that her husband was the son of a nobleman with a fortune of \$13,000,000.

Olaf and his bride are now living happily together in the great palace in the suburbs of Christiana.

He Intended to Marry Her. East Haddam, Conn., Corespondence New York World: Burt A. Ray, wealthy coffin-trimming manufacturer of this place, is the defendant in a \$15,000 breach of promise suit instituted by the father of a society belle of Niantic, to whom Mr. Ray had been assiduously paying his attentions for the past two or three years. Although sheriff is said to have made an attach-ment for the above sum on Mr. Ray's mill, an attempt has been made to keep the affair as secret as possible, and ever the busiest gossip in town is unable to tell the name of the lady concerned. The case, however, will come to trial at

Middletown next month. Mr. Ray, who is a very handsome oung man, began to ignore the beauties of East Haddam about three years ago and turned his attention towards this young Niantic lady. After months had passed the gossips had it that the gentleman had proposed and had been accepted. Still no marriage announcement was made, which caused some little talk. The pair were seen together in October. Shortly after, iyt isa said, the young lady's father sent letter to Mr. Ray, commanding him to "marry my darter or I'll sue e." Mr. Ray was astonished, because it was just what he had been intending to do, but he resented the insult. He received a letter from hisaffianced which though full of love, did not refer to the old man's letter. Hardly a day has passed after the young lady's letter came when into Mr. Ray's officer marched Sheriff Cone with the papers nthe suit.

aw Mr. Ray about the matter. Said the defendant in the suit: "The simple facts of the case are these: I have been engaged for some time to a certain young lady living in Niantic; I have never said I would not marry her, but her impetuous father has now instituted a breach of promise suit against me for \$15,000. It looks very much as though my prospective father-in-law is working a gigantic blackmailing scheme and wants to live in affluence for the rest of his life."

A reporter for the Hartford Telegran

"Then I suppose you will marry the girl?" queried the reporter. "It looks very likely under the exist ing circumstances," was the reply.

"But what do you intend to do abou-"I will appear in the court at Middle-town and fight it out. This breach of

promise suit is a big surprise to me, for l intended to marry the young lady."

Forgot His Wedding Day. Newark, N. J., Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat: When the 7:10 train from New York, on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, came into the Mont Clair depot this morning several people alighted, one of them was Fountain Scoot, who disappointed his sweetheart, Etta Jackson, on Tuesday night, by failing to arrive in time for their wedding. Yesterday morning the unfortunate girl's brother and cousins had gone to Long Branch, and at the West End hotel had found the recreant lover dusting the furniture. "You rascal," the brother said, "I

will show you who I am so quick that you won't know it." After the brother had had his say Scott replied that he thought his wedding was to take place on Thursday, and had meant to come to Mont Clair to-day "That don't suit us at all," replied the indignant brother, "and if you don't come with us now and marry Etta we

will put you in the jug."
Scott almost turned white at this remark, and, throwing down his duster at once, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and putting on a high hat and a white necktie decided to go with the men. They took the train to Newark, where they were met by the disap-pointed bride, who gave poor Scott a talking to. He said he thought the ar-rangements were for this Thursday evening. The girl's parents were greatly opposed to the wedding now, but the brothers thought differently, and said that if Scott could court Etta he could also marry her. Scott is now in Mont Clair under guard of the girl's friends. The wedding took place last night at the Union Baptist church.

for sure it was on Thursday night they were to be married. An Indian Bride.

Scott says that he likes Etta, and thought

A novel marriage ceremony was per-formed by Justice Huff, Florence, Wis.. a day or two ago, a young white man, named Joseph Baker, whose parents reside at Green Bay, being united in mar-riage to a full-blooded Indian maiden of seventeen summers. The bride's name is Checota, the daughter of Egonesic, chief of the Indian village of Badwater, seven miles from Florence, on the Menomanee river. Mr. Baker and his bride will reside in Iron Mountain, where the groom is employed as a Asked by the Wisconsin correspondent as to whether the couple would have to be re-married according to the usual Indian custom, Egnosic, who is better known to white people as Old Negaunee, replied: "Umph! No, guess not. If Injun marry Injun, must marry Injun way. If white marry Injun, must marry white man's way." Checota was born at Badwater villege, and is well known to Florence people.

A Southern Journalist's Sentiment. Talbottom (Ga.) New Era: It is welve years last Friday night since we and the little woman up yonder on the hill plighted our troth. Those dozen years have brought with them burdens and blessings and the latter outweighs the former. Four lovely children clus-ter about the roof tree and kneel night and morning around the family altar., and life is brighter and happier because of their presence. Love beams brightly in every eye and sweet-winged peace sits day by day on the door step. Time has wrought her changes and the bride of nineteen has become the matron of thirty-one, but growing fonder and dearer each moment. Husband and father has not been all that he might have been, but wife and mother and children could find no one to take his place in their hearts. "With all his faults they love him still." No turkeys graced the board of the anniversary, no dainty feast was spread. Nothing save a table for six and "plain home fare," and the bright eyes, chubby faces, dimpled cheeks and hands, kisses and love words, together with sincere trust in palaces was reached the coachman words, together with sincere trust in wheeled his steeds in upon the grounds.
"Now." said Olaf, "we will alight; I fare could be furnished for any anniversant you to come in and look over this sary. God bless all husbands and wives a few evenings ago. The minister was there

and children and homes! This is our. anniversary all-the-year-round prayer.

An Absent-Minded Groom. Charlie Moore, of Springfield, Ky., a well dressed young man of considerable

means, arrived in this city on last Sunday morning, says the Louisville Commercial, at an early hour, having made all necessary arrangements to be a principal in a wedding which was to have taken place on Sunday afternoon. In the front room of an up-town confectionery store on Sunday afternoon the front blinds were closed and day-

light was shut out, the gas was lighted and everything about the apartment put in order for a wedding ceremony, which was announced. The bride, Miss Sallie Green, was in readmess, and her friends who had been invited to witness the nuptials were on hand. They waited and waited, and it was late in the evening when the company dis-persed—the groom failed to ap-pear. Where he was or what was the matter was a prob-lem no one could solve. The would-be bride, sick with disappointment and completely broken down over the failure of her lover to put in an appear-

ance, was forced to take to her bed.
On coming to the city from his home Moore, in some way, lost some papers from his overcoat pocket, among them the address of the young lady he was to marry. Arriving in the city he looked for the missing paper, but to no pur-pose; no one knew or had ever heard tell of the woman or her place of residence. In despair he was about to give up the search when he ran across an old friend, and the two with renewed cour age set out to find the place. Procuring a carriage they started, and about 10 o'clock the couple were reunited and a satisfactory explanation made. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left for Springfield after the marriage ceremony was per-

Married in His Hat.

Chicago Tribune: It was the Gernan's turn to relate his marriage experience, a ceremony which occurred in the Black Forest. "I was ready," he began. "My bride looked rosy and beautiful in her weddidg garments, and I had doffed the green forester's jacket for a splendid black coat of broadcloth and my soft felt hat for a high silk one. We drove in a closed carriage to church, and on the road I was getting up from my seat to open the window orgetting that I am over six feet high My tall hat came with a tremendous crash against the roof of the carriage and in a second all was dark, the hat had gone down over my face and my heap stuck tightly in it. I pulled and shouted and screamed and groaned. The bride, weeping and terrified, assisted wish all her power. We got out and got the driver to assist. It was all in vain; the hat stuck fast. At the church door our friends had each a pull but the clergyman arrived and the hat still held me in bondage.

"'I cannot marry you without seeing your face!" he shouted through the hat into my ear, and after one more long and desperate struggle I decided to

make an end of it.
"'Take a sharp knife,' I shouted to a friend, 'and cut a hole around my face into the hat; but see that you do it well. for I cannot allow this expensive hat to

be spoiled.'
"The hole was cut, the clergyman saw that I was the right man, and I was married with the hat over my face. Afterwards, when I got cooler, I managed to get out of it. My wife sewed the piece in again, and I have worn it for many a

Wedded in a Show Window. Sometime ago the enterprising manager of a large clothing house in Newark avenue, directly opposite the city thought and proceeded at once to ad ome show windows with great French plate glass fronts and a broad area beaind them for a display. It occurred to him that that would be the place for public wedding, and he gave it out in all quarters that he would present to groom who would consent to wed his bride in one of the windows a hand-some suit to be married in, and to the groom and bride after the wedding, a handsome suit of parlor furniture. He received eleven applications from per-sons anxious to avail themselves of the offer. Two were from Patterson, one from Newark and others were from more

distant points.
But Manager Metzler was not entirely satisfied with any of them. Last Monday a handsome young fellow called at the store to make inquiries. Mr. Metzler desired a Jerseyman. The stranger said he was not a Jerseyite himself, but that his proposed other and better half was. He gave his name and address as James Henry Wallace, Oxford street, Brooklyn. The bride whom he proposed to wed was Ida Belle Johnson, of Hack-ensack. Mr. Metzler made inquiries concerning them, and gave them notice that he would accept them, and that the wedding would be performed at 11

o'clock Thanksgiving morning.

No marriage that has occurred in Jersey City in years has attracted such a concourse of people. The streets were crowded with a struggling mass of hum-anity. The windows of all the stores commanding a view of the window were alive with people, and the steps of the city hall served as places of view. Ropes were strung across to keep the throng back, and the police were called out to preserve order. At 11 o'clock a coach drove up to the store front, and the bride, dressed in white moire, was handed into the store by Detective John Clos. The bridegroom had made his appearance earlier, and arrayed himself for the occasion in the wedding suit with which Mr. Metzler had provided him.

The more westerly of the two windows had been arranged for the wedding ceremony. A floral wedding bell had been suspended from the middle of the inclosure. Following the justice came the bride leaning on the arm of Manager Metzler, and then came the groom sup-porting Mrs. Metzler. The bride was beautiful in her wedding raiment. The groom took his position by her side under the floral belle. He had dis-guised himself with a pair of false whiskers to escape being pointed out by

the crowd after the ceremony.

The officiating justice performed the ceremony, and the marriage certificate was written by him and handed to them. They then entered the coach and drove off amid the cheers of the crowd to the residence of Mr. Metzler, on Jersey ave nue, where they ate dinner. The bride gave her age as twenty-two years; the groom said he was twenty-six.

CONNUBIALITIES.

It is gossiped that Nat Goodwin is shortly At Gardiner, Mo., at a recent wolding the room was but nineteen years of age, while

Schorita De Osma, the bride of Schor Caurras del Castillo, the Spanish ex-premier, received marriage gifts to the value of

Annie Hart, the dashing serio-comic singer, and Billy Lester, of Lester and Allen, come-dians, were married quietly in Buffalo, N. Rafel Lun after reaching the uncommon

age of ninety-nine years, is now enjoying his moon with Petra Negrete, a young wo-man of twenty-five, whom he has lately mar-

and all things ready, when it was suddenly discovered that the bride had disappeared. It was learned that she had married another man three days previous.

When a settler in the northwest territory wants to get back to Ontario to be married the Canadian Pacific railroad sells him a matrimonial ticket at the usual rate, and on presenting the return coupon and a marriage certificate he is entitled to free transportafor his bride.

An Illinois clergyman who went out into the country to marry a couple and was put to the trouble of hiring a horse for the occasion received from the groom a coin carefully done up in a piece of paper. On opening it when he reached home he found within a sil

A husband has been sold for \$50,000 to another woman. The transaction took place in New York, of course. Such a thing could not happen in Massachusetts, where, when a woman gets a husband, she holds on for dear life. That sixty thousand surplus bears the matrimonial market.

"So you've got a wife," said Jones to a newly married man. "Don't know, don't know," responded the man, with evident hesitation; "sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months, and I can't tell just how the blamed combination is going to turn out."

The postmaster of Airwain, England, who The postmaster of Airwain, England, who refused to marry a widow aged eighty-four, to whom he was engaged on account of an ex-hibition of her temper shortly before pro-ceeding to church, was early in the morning a few days afterward taken in a brougham by the villagers to the church where he met his bride, brought in the same manner, and

the knot was tied. They were then drawn home, accompanied by a large crowd. Belva Lockwood has added a new featur to her business enterprises. She has annexed to her law office at Washington a bureau for to her law office at Washington a bureau for finding wives for men who are too busy to spend their time in courting. Mrs. Lock-wood's latest client is a banker of Denver, Col. He is somewhat exacting in his de-mands. He wants the widow of a banker for his wife, a woman who is both handsome and amiable. Mrs. Lockwood is convinced that she has found just the woman he wants. William H. Dunn and Gracie Powell, of Los Alamos, Cal., being of a romantic turn of mind, thought it would be nice to be married on the bounding billows. So they boarded the coast steamer Santa Rosa, and told the captain what they wanted. He thought of his own romantic youth, and putting the steamer out to sea, so that she might be at least three miles from land, and the ceremony therefore legal, tied the knot him self, thoroughly, shipshape and sailor fash-

FANCIES IN FURNITURE.

c Mahogany is the popular wood for this sea Fourteenth century chairs are returning to

A carved foot stool has its sides in em-

Cabinets and toilet tables of papier mache are once more in usc. Parlor suits of six pieces, no two alike, ar

n fashion and in favor Desks for offices and rooms are made t ntain a concealed washstand. Furniture carvers should be careful not to nake their cutting too deep.

A hat rack is provided with protruding and erect ovals of nickel-plated wear for silk Dwarf book cases, elaborately carved and gilded, are to be seen in the most fashionable

A dressing table has a double top, the upper divided in the middle, and opening right and left on hinges. Brass cabinets are quite pretty and quite

stylish; pillars have florated capitals, panels of antique design, etc. Furniture may be painted the most effec-ively by rubbing down each coat, as is done n carriage painting.

Fauteuils of the toniest quality are made from locust wood and upholstered in pink and blue, with golden fringe. Drawing room tables of unique appearance are made from coarse stalks of light preenish yellow and bound by withes of red,

A parior screen seen recently in an uptown store has a heap of flowers indiscriminately thrown together massed in one corner, with a rich shade of blue lake extending toward the background. new color to stain wood is a rich viole

and the stain is thus made: The wood is heated with a bath of four and one half unces olive oil, same as soda ash and two and one-half pints of boiling water. It then dyed with magnets. Folding beds are selling well about the holi day season. There is considerable mechani-cal ingenuity displayed in their construction. One house, well known as the residence of a wealthy gentlemau has a folding bed in every department thus making each room a

Mother! Stop your child's cough! Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar wine Lung Balm will give immediate relief, is agreeable to take, and a positive cure. 25 cents :

Pope Leo's Family. Philadelphia Times: In the great

hall of the palace at Carpineto hangs the portrait of a beautiful and noble looking lady. The picture was painted about 1810, soon after the birth of her fourth son, destined to be one day Leo XIII. From this mother, Countess Anna Pecci, the child received his first instructions in the principles of purity and upright-ness which have marked his life. When Monsignor O'Reilly was visiting the Pecci family the third son of the family said to him: "She was the soul of every good work of piety and benificence that was set on foot in the town. Indeed, she started many of them herself, but all this active outside charity never made her neglect her home duties. She lavished on us all a mother's most devoted tenderness." youth and early manhood of Leo XIII. Monsignor O'Reilly tells us much that is entirely new and full of interest, but space forbids quotations from this por-tion of the work. The story is told of his being led to a choice of the priest-hood, with all the incidents which affected the young Italian noble, who was finally ordained in 1837, and passed through various missions, which from the start gave him a keen insight into the needs of Italy, as well as the church. In 1841 began the first powerful diplomatic service Leo, then Monsignor Pecci, was called upon to render the church, and whether read from a Protestant or Catholic point of view, the chapters which tell of this part of the story are full of instruction and charm.

3 SPECIAL BARGAINS

Ribbons&Laces

Sale to begin Saturday, December 3d. and continue until all are sold. Lot No. 1. Contains about 20 cartoons of Fine all Pure Silk, GROS GRAIN SATIN AND GROS GRAIN AND WATERED RIB-BONS, in numbers 12, 16 and 22, with picot and crown edges. These are fresh, perfect goods, in all the new and most desirable shades; have been sold all the season and were cheap at 25c, 30c, 35c and 40c. Special price for this lot, 19c a yard.

Lot No. 2. Consists of Fancy Striped and Embroidered Ribbons, in a good line of colorings. Former price 18c and 20c. Will close this lot at just one half price, 9c per yard.

Lot No. 3. Contains about two thousand yards of REAL HAND MADE MEDICI AND TORCHON LACES, from 2; to 4 inches wide, are worth 25c to 35c a yard. Entire lot at 10c per yard.

Ladies wanting fine Ribbons for fancy work or good durable Laces for family use at less than half actual value should make a note of this.

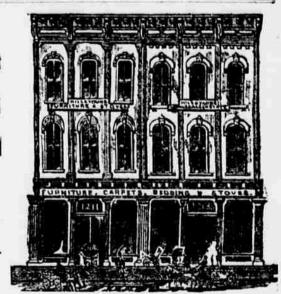
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